

SWEETHEART OF MURDERED POLICEMAN IS VERY ILL.

Victim of Black Slayer Was to Have Married Pretty Lizzie Murray Within a Month.

The knife that dealt the death wound to Policeman Robert J. Thorpe may cause the death of another, Miss Lizzie Murray, to whom he was to have been married within a few weeks.

Grief-stricken and suffering from the shock of the tragedy, she lies so ill today that her physician fears that she will die.

The neighborhood is stirred up over her condition, and this afternoon the number of callers who are anxious to know her condition was increased.

Should Miss Murray succumb, the police

POLICEMAN THORPE AND HIS FIANCEE, MISS LIZZIE MURRAY.



(From a photograph taken two weeks before the tragedy.)

anticipate another outbreak of rioting, equally as fierce, than that which has terrorized the district for two days. Miss Murray was prostrated after the funeral yesterday.

She is at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. A. Crosby, 10 Ninth avenue, and all night long the physician was in constant attendance. When morning came she was resting easier, but the danger was still present.

She fell into a troubled sleep, in which every now and then she murmured the name of the man whose murder had caused a race riot that has drawn the eyes of all the world upon New York.

HER HERO.

Miss Murray is twenty-one years old and one of the prettiest girls in the neighborhood. She is vivacious and the possessor of a sunny disposition, that has gained her a great number of friends. She and stalwart Policeman Thorpe made a striking looking couple.

She thought there was to be a brave man than he, and though she knew that he had incurred the enmity of the "bad" negroes of the neighborhood her confidence was as strong as his that he could meet and safely overcome all opposition.

"As long as I have two eyes and two hands I'm not afraid of all the negroes in this precinct," he had replied to the warning of his brother.

And so he said to his sweetheart, who, proud of his strength and fearlessness, cheered his determination with brave words.

Two weeks ago Miss Murray and Mrs.

Crosby went for a brief vacation at "Coral" in the Catskills. Thorpe went along, too. The policeman and his sweetheart took long rambles and drives along picturesque ways and laid plans for their future.

It was in the mountain retreat that their engagement was announced. The marriage was set for early in September at St. Raphael's Church, Fortieth street and Tenth avenue.

They had their pictures taken, he and she together, it is now a sad memento of a love dream wrecked by the knife of the assassin.

When the policeman and his fiancée returned to the city they were congratulated on all sides. Miss Murray blushed prettily and Thorpe always grew as red as a confused schoolboy, so his friends say. Miss Murray started in to prepare her trousseau.

Her mother is the caretaker of the apartments at the southeast corner of Forty-first street and Ninth avenue, and the good woman was overborne with excitement at the prospect of her daughter's wedding.

It would be a popular wedding, and the present company, that was sure, for hundreds of persons were ready to show their friendship for the handsome young couple.

CHANGED FAITH FOR HER.

All of the neighborhood knew the imminent part of their story, how the girl with the sunny smile and fluffy hair had won the heart of the policeman, and that for her sake he renounced his religion and became a convert of the Catholic Church. That was to sacrifice

her Evans had been taken to the hospital.

Evans is an Englishman. He was employed at night in a Sixth avenue restaurant, Harry Richards, owner of the Columbia Hotel, said he had seen Evans there for three months and had seen in receipt of a monthly allowance from Evans.

The commitment failed to arrive in time this morning, and Richards said Evans had been dependent.

Evans's wound was dressed at the hospital and was found not to be deep, though it was. He was soon in condition to be attended in the West side, where Magistrate Corbett held him in \$500 bail for trial on a charge of attempting suicide.

CUT THROAT ON BROADWAY

Crowd of Pedestrians Watched Sidewalk Tragedy.

Standing on the sidewalk in front of the Columbia Hotel, 133 Broadway, Thomas Evans, twenty-two years old, cut his throat at 12:30 o'clock this afternoon before the startled gaze of hundreds of pedestrians.

Evans was taken to Roosevelt Hospital.

Evans was standing outside the hotel, in which he lived, chatting with another guest, who soon left his side and entered the hotel.

Without a word or a sign to indicate his intention Evans drew a pocket knife and opened the largest blade.

He was not a mark of even a casual glance from the throng of pedestrians who were passing until he was seen to draw the blade across his throat and fall, bleeding to the pavement.

The suddenness of the deed held the crowd spellbound and a cry of horror arose spontaneously.

Policeman Higgins, of the West Forty-seventh street station, was among those who had seen the tragedy. He hurried the man inside the hotel and sent for an ambulance.

It was with alacrity that a crowd of drivers was from the spot at

DEATH GRIP ON LIVE WIRE.

Boy Almost Instantly Killed in Hoboken—Finger Burned Off.

Paul Kiles, twelve years old, of 341 Hudson street, Hoboken, was killed shortly after noon today by a live electric light wire in front of his home.

The wire was dangling from a pole when the boy caught hold of it.

He grabbed it with his left hand, which was badly burned off.

The boy was unconscious when released from the wire.

An ambulance carried him to St. Mary's Hospital, but he died immediately after his arrival.

MILLINER A SUICIDE.

Young New York Woman Took Her Life in a Lot at New Haven.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 17.—Fannie Walker, eighteen years old, a milliner from New York City, came here yesterday to work at Brock's millinery store and this noon committed suicide by swallowing carbolic acid in an open lot on Parade street.

The girl left her work this forenoon complaining of not feeling well.

She bought the poison at a Chapel street drug store and brought in 22nd Chapel street car, rode out to the Quimby bridge.

She was found about noon lying on the ground by a party of children.

The girl was taken to the hospital, where she died soon after.

Her health is the subject cause.

Another Charlotte Victim.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Frank Tobey, a bookkeeper, went home sick last night, was seized with convulsions and died. His parents attribute his death to cigarette smoking. He was twenty-five years old.

'UNCLE JOHN' DEAD IN HIS DOLL HOSPITAL.

Thousands of Little Girls in This City Will Mourn His Loss.

Old John Land, known to thousands of little children throughout the city as "Uncle John, the Doll Doctor," is dead.

The end came in his famous "Doll Hospital," a unique shop at 22-12 Columbus avenue, where he was found dead at 9 o'clock this morning. "Uncle John" died in harness, as his police put it.

Seated on the bench where for many years he had acted as physician and surgeon for the little and bruised of the "children of the little mothers," he was found, a broken doll by his side. He had remained at the shop late last night to "fix up" the doll for one of his tiny customers who "must have it this morning."

The old man was put in his wife's bed to bring the doll back to his talking stage, for it was one of the automations which spoke "Mamma" and "Papa."

Owing to a drop from a fourth-story window it had lost its voice, and "Uncle John" labored to restore it in vain.

It was warm and stuffy in the shop, but he worked away with the gas lighted and the door and windows closed.

While his labors he was seized with an attack of heart failure and fell back in his seat dead.

He was sitting in that position, with the dismembered doll by his side, when one of his sons reached the store this morning.

The old man was then cold in death and probably had been so, the hastily summoned physician said, for eight or nine hours.

Land was eighty years old. He lived with his wife and three sons at 739 Sixth avenue. They were not alarmed when he did not return last night, because he had mentioned early in the day that he would make a trip to Brooklyn to visit a friend.

"Uncle John" had been a doll doctor for forty years. He came to this city from Ireland in 1860 and started a "doll hospital" at Sixty-third street and Madison avenue. He mended the wax dolls for many children who are noted today in different walks of life.

He established the Columbus avenue hospital ten years ago. His business was quite extensive, and his customers came from all sections of the city. His customers were mainly children of the rich.

"Uncle John" was extremely fond of his little patients and always had a warm and gentle pat of the hand for them.

Three very small girls were at his shop early this morning to get their dolls when they said were "sick." They waited several hours to get their "dolls," and seemed very sad when told the "doctor" was dead and the "dolls" were still in need of aid.

RECEIVER FOR INSURANCE CO.

Traders' Fire Concern's Liabilities Are \$180,000; Assets, \$27,000.

Justice Lambert, in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, this morning appointed Harry A. Hainbury receiver for the Traders' Fire Insurance Company, of 34-36 Liberty street, Manhattan.

Mr. Hainbury's appointment was made at the request of Attorney-General Davison.

Superintendent of Insurance Francis Hendricks made an examination of the company's books and found the total liabilities to be \$180,000, while the assets were only \$27,000.

LONDON STOCKS IMPROVE.

Market Was Strong and Active, but American Railways Were Neglected.

On a revival of reports relating to the positive relief of bondholders in Peking, the London security stocks today showed a slight improvement in strength and were quiet active.

But in the American railway department business was not so steady.

Louisville & Nashville made an exceptional good advance of 1/4, while New York Central steadily slipped 1/8.

These were the only important price movements recorded in this quarter of the market.

WHEAT MARKET EASIER.

The wheat market opened a trifle easier today, with the dealers selling, owing to the weaker values of foreign houses.

But for a while there was no more and offered sparingly, both here and in the West.

New York's opening prices were: September wheat, 90 1/2; December, 90 3/4; December corn, 40 1/2.

Chicago's opening prices were: September wheat, 75 1/2; December, 75 1/2; September corn, 27 1/4.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMAZAR FOR TO-DAY.

Sun. 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. 11:00

TIDE FOR TO-DAY.

High Water, 10:00 a.m. 4:00 p.m.

Low Water, 12:12 12:52 4:39 7:22

Quarter Moon, 12:12 12:52 4:39 7:22

Full Moon, 12:12 12:52 4:39 7:22

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

Howell Hill, from London, via Bremen, 10:00 a.m.

THUNDER BOLT STRIKES ELLIS ISLAND, KILLS TWO.

Wm. Frazier and Edward Baum, Roofers on the New Building, Receive Death-Stroke While at Work.

One man was instantly killed and another was mortally injured by a bolt of lightning on Ellis Island at noon today.

William Frazier, of Sixth street, between Avenues A and B, this borough, and Edward Baum, of Rockaway avenue, East New York, were at work roofing the southeast tower of the new building of the emigrant station, when the storm came from the west.

The fall of rain was light and the men concluded not to seek shelter, and continued their work.

Off in the lead-colored clouds the lightning played every now and then and the rumble of the thunder almost drowned the sound of the hammering.

After one unusually heavy peal Baum, who looked apprehensively at the sky, suggested that they go in.

Frazier only laughed.

"Why there is nothing to be afraid of," he said.

The words were scarcely uttered when there was a clap of thunder that shook the building. At the same time the whole of the tower seemed enveloped in fire.

Both men fell.

Frazier was killed instantly.

Baum was alive when several workmen who were employed not far away reached him, but was falling fast.

The bolt badly burned Frazier and part of his clothing was torn away.

There was no damage done to the building to speak of.

Word was at once sent to the Barge Office and a doctor was soon on the way over. But Baum was beyond aid.

George Swanson, of 34 Woodhull street, Brooklyn, who was working near the stricken men, was stunned by the shock.

The two men were but four feet apart.

When the lightning struck them, Swanson, as soon as he recovered his senses, crawled out from under the limp body of Baum, which fell upon him and shouted for help.

Other workmen in the building who had scattered at the crash of the lightning stroke, came to his assistance and lifted Baum's body, carrying to the lower floor of the building. Then ropes and tackle were quickly secured and Frazier's body was lowered from the scaffolding where it lay the less hanging limp and lifeless over the boards.

As soon as it could be done the body of Frazier and Baum and Swanson were brought to the barge office.

Baum was at once taken to the Halsey Street Hospital.

The men were copper workers and were adjusting a sheet of that metal when the bolt struck them.

IMPRESARIO GOTTSCALK KILLED.

With Two Relatives He Was Run Down by a Train.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 17.—John V. Gottschalk, the impresario, of New York, was instantly killed on the railroad track near this place today.

John P. Wolfe and Harvey D. Wolfe, brothers-in-law of Mr. Gottschalk, were also killed.

The three were in a carriage and were crossing the track of the Port Jervis Railroad at Palm when a passenger train dashed into it.

The engine struck the train and hurled them with the carriage many feet.

The three men were thrown with the wreckage and all were dead when found.

Mr. Gottschalk, who is stopping here, was startled when notified of the accident in which his husband and two brothers were killed.

The party had left in the morning in great spirits for a ride, in which she had refused to join.

John V. Gottschalk was a relative of the famous composer of that name and was a well-known impresario of this city, having successfully managed noted concert and dramatic stars.

He was formerly associated with Victor Thonet, but had arranged to sever next season on his own account several famous instrumental virtuosos and concert singers.

Mr. Gottschalk was about thirty-five years old and had a very extensive circle of friends in this city.

P. V. Gottschalk was for several years assistant manager of Madison Square Garden, under Manager Frank Sanger. He resigned that position on Sept. 14, 1894.

He was born in New Orleans in 1859, and was for some time a clerk on a Mississippi River packet boat. He came to New York in 1879 as bookkeeper of a wholesale liquor firm.

A short time afterward he was made treasurer of the Emma Nevada Opera Company, and later was identified with the Thomas Salvin-Edwin Booth company, the Patti opera company, and the Patti-Patti company.

Since leaving Madison Square Garden Mr. Gottschalk has been identified with numerous musical organizations and his plans for the coming season contemplated the bringing to this country of fourteen musical stars, including instrumentalists, singers and others.

Mr. Gottschalk was a very popular man and very well known in theatrical and musical circles. He was regarded as one of the handsomest men in New York public life. Tall, dark, slender, he was ever a conspicuous figure.

ROOSEVELT NOT A LOBSTER.

Norman Pat Governor and Tim Woodruff in Crucian Class, Then Apologized.

As Gov. Roosevelt and two friends were crossing Twenty-third street at Fifth avenue to-day they met Lieut. Gov. Woodruff and the party stood talking on the car tracks and were almost run down by a car.

"Get off the track, you lobsters," shouted the motorman to the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, as they were shaking hands. "You trying to hold up this car?"

"That's the Governor," remarked a man on the car.

"Take it all back, Governor," said the motorman taking off his hat to the Governor. The latter waved his hand to the motorman as he and the others stepped back, the motorman shouting as he moved his car on.

"I'm the lobster, Governor."

HIS HEART PIERCED.

Shocking Death of a Wheelman Who Was Impaled by a Wagon.

A bicyclist was impaled by the shaft of a wagon at Lexington avenue and One Hundred and Twentieth street at 1:30 o'clock this morning.

The wheelman was instantly killed, the sharp end of the shaft penetrating his body at the heart and terribly mangling his vital organs.

The bicyclist was working clothing, including a jumper, and is said to be an employee of the Consolidated Gas Company.

Fred Lela, of 14 East One Hundred and Ninth street, was driving a horse attached to the delivery wagon of Baker Thomas, of 189 Fifth avenue. He was going west on One Hundred and Twentieth street.

When about to cross Lexington avenue, Lela saw the wheelman scorching rapidly from the other side of the avenue directly into his path and moving in the opposite direction.

Lela shouted a warning to the man, who seemed to be anxious to cross the track to avoid an approaching car.

The bicyclist paid no attention to Lela's shout, but came on at a furious pace, his head bent over the handle-bars.

Within half a wheel turn, the man seemed to become aware of the presence of the horse, but the bicyclist could not stop his machine.

Realizing his danger the cyclist tried, evidently, to jump from his wheel. He rose on the pedals and the wheel spun from under him to one side.

But the man's leap was one fatal fraction of a second too late. The impact of the bicycle's speed carried him forward and directly against the shaft of the wagon.

His body was sent against the hard wood shaft with awful force. So great was the impact that it penetrated his body at the heart and he was suspended, with his feet clear of the ground.

The cyclist was dead before he had been lifted from the impaling shaft.

The dead man was of medium height, about thirty-five years old, with light hair and a sandy mustache. He wore long dark trousers and a workman's jumper.

In a pocket of the dead man's clothing were found a few leaves of a note book, bearing these addresses, written in German: "Dr. Kuhne, Summit avenue and North street, Jersey City Heights;" "Weber, 135 East Eighty-eighth street;" and "125 Willis avenue."

A newspaper mailing label was also found, bearing the address: "P. F. Fidler, 194 Webster avenue, Jersey City Heights."

He had \$2.55 in his pockets.

HIS LIFE FOR A PICKLE.

Child Fell from Fire-Escape Trying to Get at Jar His Mother Hid.

Little Hyman (Hinson) love for pickles nearly resulted in his death this afternoon. Hyman is six years old and holds a jar of pickles from him his mother put upon the fire escape of their apartment on the second floor of 427 Park street.

ANY PERSON seeing accident to man on East Broadway, leaving Car on Island at 5:10 P. M. Saturday, Aug. 11, please communicate in writing with THOMAS E. RICH, 100 Broadway, New York City.

HAS \$200,000,000, YET HE IS HUNGRY

John D. Rockefeller, the world's richest man, and the misery his stomach causes him graphically told in NEXT SUNDAY'S WORLD.